White Cloud Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. } THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION { TERMS---$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 11. } WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1864. { WHOLE NUMBER, 375.

Choice Poetry.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly borne,
With burning star and flaming brand,
It kindles all the sunset land;—
O, tell us what its name may be!
Is this the flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode,
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full blown flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free!
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread!
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's Flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God loves us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

A BATTLE HYMN.

God defend thee, land of nations!
Mother of the brave and free;
E'en amid thy desolations,
Strongest grows our love for thee.

They who wound thee, best of mothers—
They who seek thy life to take—
Shall we deem them friends and brothers?
Nay, we'll smite them for thy sake.

Be the sword of justice lifted—
Quick descend the righteous stroke,
Till the traitorous host be rifted;
Broken its tyrannic yoke.

Comrades! be our motto ever,
Faithful to our country's trust!
Though we give our lives, yet never
Shall our mother kneel in dust.

By the love we bear that mother,
By the duty children owe,
Faithfully by one another
Stand we till we crush the foe.

Let the hail of bullets rattle,
Hostile weapons line the field;
In the day of freedom's battle
GOD ALMIGHTY is our shield.

When the cloud of war is riven,
Peace shall like a rainbow shine;
They who for the right have striven,
Coming ages shall enshrine.

Select Tale.

TWENTY MINUTES TOO LATE.

A LAWYERS STORY.

I am an old man now, and have retired from the profession; but at the time when the incident, I am about to relate occurred, I had just entered it, and was going circuit for the second time. Through the kindness of a well-known member of the circuit, who had conceived a liking for me, I was intrusted with two or three briefs on my my first journey; and in consequence of one of these, I became known to an old gentleman named Dowding, living in Gloucester. The case in which I was concerned for him was a suit to recover a debt contracted by his son, who was then under age; and though the amount sought to be recovered was not large, yet, if he had been condemned to pay it, it would have led to the prosecution of similar claims by other tradesmen, which would have ruined him. Though there is always a natural tendency on the part of a jury of tradesmen to give effect to the claim of a brother-tradesman, I was fortunate enough to get a verdict in favor of my client. A case of this kind is not one to be remembered long, even by a newly fledged barrister, and though accompanied as it was by the kindly congratulation of some of the members of the circuit on my speech; and until I returned to Gloucester, I had forgotten all about Mr. Dowding. Having a relative at Longhope, I went there the day before the assizes began, and did not reach Gloucester till late; and, being tired, I went straight to the lodgings I had engaged, with the intention of going to bed early. My lodgings were the same I had occupied at the preceding assizes; and when I reached them, I found a white-haired old man waiting for me there, whom I had some difficulty at first in recognising as my old client, Mr. Dowding. The poor old gentleman began to cry as soon as he saw me; and this, with his evident feebleness—for he failed in the several attempts he made to rise from his chair to meet me—excited my sympathy for his distress so strongly that my fatigue was forgotten, and I felt eager to hear what had caused it. Wishing to come to the point as soon as possible, I said: "I am afraid your son is in some way the cause of your distress."

"Yes, my dear young friend, he is; but my poor boy is innocent of the crime they charge him with. I am sure he is; I trust in God he is."

"You seem to have doubt yourself on that point. What is the charge? Is he in prison? and do you want me to defend him?"

"That is what I have come here to ask you to do."

"Very well. What is he charged with?"

"A most dreadful crime; for which, if he is convicted, he will certainly be executed."

Here he broke down again, and burst into a terrible fit of crying and sobbing, during which I could understand little of what he tried to say beyond the words mother, sisters, broken-hearted, shame, disgrace, and so on. Seeing that he held in his hand a roll of paper, I thought it probable that this would give me the information I wanted; I therefore took it from him and opened it.

"Yes," said he, "you will find it all there. I made him write it, and give it me, that it might be ready for you when you arrived. Here is also an order which will admit you to his cell as early as you like in the morning."

"Thank you. How do you propose to get home?"

"I shall walk. I feel better now that I have seen you."

I went with him to the street door, shook hands, and then went back to my room to read his son's statement. Thus it ran:

"On the evening of the 21st, I met Esther Leversedge at the corner of Copley's Lane, and we walked down by the farm and across the fields to her house. I had often met her before, but had never gone home with her, on account of her father, who had a bad name in the neighborhood, owing to his idleness and savage disposition. Till this evening, I had resolutely refused her invitations to set foot in he house; but when we reached it, she assured me so positively that her father was out and would not return till late, that I let myself be persuaded to go in and sit down a little while. When I entered, I fully intended to stay only a few minutes, but the time flew so rapidly that it was between ten and eleven o'clock when I got up to go. I was saying goodbye to Esther, when we heard the garden-wicket fall to, and she directly said it was her father. She was as fearful of the consequences if he saw me there as I was, or at least she seemed to be. There was no way of leaving the house without meeting him, and if I had had time to think, I should have left by this way, and met him in the open air; but before I could think for myself, Esther had opened the back-door, and pushed me into the woodhouse, telling me that her father was sure to go to bed directly, and then she would let me out. As soon as I was left alone, I felt vexed that I had suffered myself to be shut in; but being there, I thought it would only be staying a few minutes, and then I could get away without exposing her to her father's anger. There was a heap of fagots in the shed, and I got up on the top of these to be more out of the way, in case he should come there for anything. A minute or two afterwards, he came in with a light, pulled a tub from one corner, and then took a pail and went outside, and brought it back full of water. He had a smock-frock on, very white and clean, which he stripped off, and laid on the wood, and underneath this he wore a dark fustain coat. He first poured the water into the tub, and then drew out of his coat-pockets a hammer, the barrel of a gun, and then the stock. The gun and stock he laid on one side, the hammer he threw into the tub, and then took off his coat, and put that in the water too, and began washing it. From where I was crouching, I could distinctly see that the water became red as he washed; and the stain on his hand which I thought was dirt, changed to a bright red before being washed off altogether. Terrified by what I saw, and knowing that I had no right to be where I was, I tried to draw back further in the darkness, and in doing this I made a slight noise, which caused him to look up. He saw me directly, and the surprise seemed to deprive him of his faculties for an instant; but this was only momentary, for before I could offer any explanation, he caught up a hatchet used in shopping wood, and began climbing towards me with such a savage expression in his face, that I knew he meant to murder me.

"I shouted for Esther, knowing that I could expect help from no other person, there being no cottage near, and she rushed in and caught her father by the arm. He tried all he could to shake her off by means of blows and force, but she held so tightly, that, if she had caught his right arm instead of his left, I should have had time to come to her assistance; as it was, I could not approach him without the certainty of being cut down. I thought her prayers had some effect upon him, and I tried to increase this by promising not to say a word of what I had seen. He considered for a minute, and then threw the hatchet into a corner, and told me to come down. I did as he bade me, supposing he meant to let me go; but the moment I put my foot on the ground, he struck me several blows on the face, and then dragged me into his daughter's bedroom, and locked me in, and left me there about half an hour. When he came to fetch me out, he had his hat on and his white smock-frock. He told me to come with him. My face was all bloody, and being in the dark at this time, it ran down on the front of my clothes without my knowing it. I thought he was going to take me to my father; and being afraid of frightening my mother and sisters, I begged him to let me at least wash my face and hands, which he refused with many oaths; and taking hold of me by the arm, he made me go with him across the fields to the London road. After walking along this road in the direction of Gloucester, for four or five hundred yards, we came to a part of it which had on one side a narrowish strip of land, on which a few trees grew and a little underwood. Leversedge walked in here, still holding me by the arm, and searched about for a few minutes; I was horrified to find that what he was looking for was a dead body. The dress showed it was the body of a laboring man, apparently a wagoner, for there was a long whip lying near him such as they use. I could see the white face and half closed eyes, which reflected the moon-light, but I could not recognize it, though I felt sure I had seen it before. Leaving the body where it lay, Leversedge went on with me in the direction of Gloucester, and now I began to form an idea of what he intended to do with me. Just after we got into the city, we came up with a carrier's wagon. The horses were standing still and a crowd had collected round it, and I heard the people wondering what had become of the driver. Leversedge pushed me into the midst of them, and said: 'You will never see the driver any more but here is his murderer.' The people shrunk away from us, but I was recognized directly. I protested as earnestly as I could that I was innocent, and charged my accuser with having committed the murder himself, but he in a jeering way called the attention of those present to the appearance of my clothes, and contrasted them with his own, so that none seemed to believe what I said, and one of them fetched the constable, who locked me up. I was taken before the justices, and they committed me to prison, to take my trial at the assizes for the murder of the wagoner."

Before going to see the prisoner in the morning, I called on his father, and was surprised to find that he had refused the services of any local attorney to prepare the evidence, thinking it would only be necessary to give me his son's statement to enable me to plead his cause successfully. I next visited the prison to hear what the son had to say. He was a quiet, good-looking fellow, with an appearance calculated to make a favorable impression on a jury. He persisted in asserting that every word he had written was true, and as he had nothing to add, I lost very little time in conversing with him. On reading the depositions, I found that, omitting unimportant details, Leversedge's evidence amounted to this: That he had been drinking at the public house with a friend and the landlord till about half-past ten o'clock, when his friend wished him good-night, and went away, leaving him talking to the landlord at the door; that he himself left a few minutes afterwards, and had got within a quarter of a mile of the turnpike-gate, through which he had to pass to get to his cottage, when he heard a cry for help. There was a road-wagon at some distance before him, and he thought some accident had happened to the driver, and ran along the road till he overtook it, when he found there was no driver with the wagon. He had seen nothing in the road, but he directly turned round, and went back, to look more carefully, first stopping the horses. On reaching a place by the roadside, called Turnpike Folly, he saw a man run out of the Folly, and among the trees he saw the body of the driver of the road-wagon; that he ran after the man, and caught him, and this man was Henry Dowding.

Such was the substance of his deposition, which was supported by the evidence of the landlord of the public house, and the man who had been drinking with them. Without this confirmatory testimony, the bad character of Leversedge would have prevented his statement from being accepted with confidence by the jury; but when to this was added the evidence of the witnesses who spoke to the state of their clothes at the time when he brought Dowding into Gloucester, it became pretty certain that there could be only one termination to the trial, and that Dowding, whether guilty or innocent, would be condemned.

I was myself disposed to accept the prisoner's statement, in spite of its improbabilities, but it was clear that the only chance of getting a jury to do so was by producing Esther Leversedge in court, and her giving evidence in support of it. I turned over the depositions again and again, but I could not find hers among them; and on enquiring about the omission, I learned that her attendance at the examination before the justices had not been enforced, and consequently, she had not given evidence at all.

I sent for the constable into whose custody Dowding had been given, and according to him, nobody who had seen the two men on the night of the murder, had any doubt about the prisoner's guilt. He owed money to nearly every tradesman in the town, and he knew, as well as everybody else that the carrier was in the habit of bringing money from London to people in Gloucester; it was therefore natural that he should try to get it by robbery and violence. I directed this official to provide for the attendance of Esther Leversedge at the trial, promising him a reasonable remuneration for his trouble and expenses. The trial was not likely to come on before the afternoon of the succeeding day; but the duration of a trial can never be reckoned upon with any degree of certainty, and it so happened that Dowding's case was called on three or four hours sooner than was expected. I had heard nothing of Esther Leversedge, and I was about to make an aplication for the postponement of the trial until the next assizes, on account of the absence of the only person who could give evidence in favor of the prisoner, when I caught sight of the constable I had sent in search of her. He nodded in reply to my look, and at the same moment a slip of paper was placed in my hand, on which was written, "I have got her." The trial went on, and as it proceeded, it was not difficult to see that the evidence for the prosecution was telling fearfully against the prisoner, in the opinions of the jurymen. I cross-examined Leversedge with such severity that even the judge seemed to think I was abusing the priviledge of counsel, but the fellow had had too long a time to think over his tale to be shaken in it now. The case for the prosecution was soon closed, and that for the defence occupied the court but a very little while. All that I had to urge was the statement made by the prisoner previous to his commital, the notoriously bad character of the principal witness, and the greater probability that a man of his strength and ferocity was the murderer than that the crime should have been committed by a comparatively weak youth like the prisoner at the bar, without accomplices, and without, so far as had been ascertained, even a weapon.

There was the usual stir and excitement in the court when an interesting witness is called, as Esther Leversedge took her place in the witness-box. I think I was never more surprised at the personal appearance of anybody. She was a bold, coarse-looking woman, considerably older than the prisoner, who, as I have said, was of a very prepossessing appearance, and with that degree of refinement in the expression of his countenance which indicated a man of some education. When called upon to give her evidence, she declared, she had none to give. I questioned her on the prisoner's statement, but she utterly denied that she had met him on the night in question, or, in short, that there was one word of truth in what he had said respecting her. I was completely astounded at finding that I had only called a witness, to strengthen the case against my client, and I looked at him annoyed and angry that he should have deceived me with such falsehoods; but there was an expression of such intense astonishment in his face, that I wanted no further evidence to prove to me that his tale was true. By a gesture, I called the attention of the jury to this, and after asking the witness a few more questions, with the view of eliciting from her that she made these denials out of regard for or through fear of her father, and failing to get satisfactory answers, I dismissed her.

I need not describe the remainder of what took place. The summing-up of the judge showed that he was not entirely without doubts as to the prisoner's guilt; but when the jury had given a verdict of *Guilty*, he told them, previous to passing condemnation, that he concurred in their verdict, and ordered the accused for execution with the usual formalities.

The grief of poor old Mr. Dowding was the most painful thing I ever saw. I tried to comfort him by assuring him that I believed his son innocent, and advised him to draw up a petition to the King that he would use his perogative in his favor. I solicited the influence of members of the bar, who were ready enough to use it on receiving my assurance that I had no doubt of the prisoner's innocence. Altogether, I felt tolerably sure that a reprieve would arrive before the day fixed for the execution. Day after day passed on until that fixed for the execution had arrived; but still no reprieve and no refusal to grant one had been received. I endeavored in every possible way to delay the execution to a later hour, and succeeded to a certain extent. The formalities immediately preceding it were performed as slowly as possible; the prisoner was allowed to spend an unusually long period in prayer, and when on the scaffold he might have prolonged his life some minutes by addressing the spectators; but he was worn out by the excitement he had undergone, and incapable of speaking.

When the last act had been accomplished, I went with the sheriff and chaplain to drink a glass of wine, being greatly depressed by what had taken place. There were several officials, and a few of the principal persons belonging to the county in the room, discussing the arguments for and against my client's guilt. I was leaving with the sheriff, when the governor came to him with a letter addressed to the Sheriff of the County of Gloucester. The manner in which it was addressed, and its appearance, showed that it was an official letter. I looked over him as he opened it with an anxiety which cannot be conceived—it was a reprieve for Henry Dowding. I looked at my watch; he had been hanging just twenty minutes.

It turned out that the reprieve had been addressed to the sheriff of Herefordshire instead of Gloucestershire, and was not received by him till some hours later than he might have received it, in consequence of its having been dropped into the post-office letter-box after the letters for that night had been removed. As soon as he read it, he sent it by a messenger, who travelled as fast as horses could go, but failed to reach Gloucester with it till it was twenty minutes too late. There is no doubt in my own mind but that Henry Dowding was an innocent man.

Miscellaneous.

THE WORKING-BEES TO THE QUEENS OF THE HIVE.

Ladies, whom we spend our cash on,
Who to spend our cash were made,
On your slaves have some compassion
In these days of stagnant trade.
Couldn't you—'tis not much trouble—
Lift your skirts? It does seem hard
You should drag through mud and rubble
Silks four dollars, say, a yard.

We won't ask you, on reflection,
Your peripheries to decrease;
Spread yourselves in a direction,
Circumflient as you please.
But sheer waste—it brings bad luck—shun
While the future darkly looms;
Be not "bosoms of destruction,"
For we can't afford the brooms!

While we break our hearts with skinning,
Quite cut up about our noses,
Can't you cut—O creatures winning!
Something off your petticoats?
True, 'tis sacrilege to meddle
With your robes, but oh! forbear!
Stiffy works the business treadle.
Think, dears, of the wear and tear.

Jerrold's hero, "made of money,"
Anything, of course, could do;
Paying bills to him was fun, he
Was all greenbacks, through and through.
But alas! no gnome or demon,
Turns our substance into cash;
Therefore, don't put all your steam on,
Lest you burst us—don't be rash.

How General Polk was Killed.

The Louisville Journal says the death of Gen. Leonidas Polk, the fighting bishop, which took place about noon on the 14th of June, was under the following circumstances, as related by a correspondent:

Gen. Sherman had been riding all along our lines the entire day. He has a keen quick eye, ever watchful, and with the aid of a powerful glass he discovered three general field officers of the enemy, with their staffs, making their way toward the crest of pine Mountain, where they could obtain a comprehensive view of our line of battle and our arrangements for making attacks and repelling assaults.

Gen. Sherman watched their movements and saw some of their number on the mountain taking observations. The vigilant General rode up to the battery best located to reach the rebel officers, and found it to be Simond's, the ever faithful. As it was noon the men had nearly all left their guns for their meals. Going up to one of the pieces, General Sherman asked for the officer in charge, and being told that he was at his dinner, he was summoned to instantly return.

When the lieutenant arrived, under the General's personal directions, a shell was sent on to Pine Mountain.

"It has fallen about twenty-five feet too short; a little more fuse and you have it," said Sherman, after watching the effect of the shell.

The next shot struck some one; of course, it was not known who, at the time. "That will do," said the General in a quiet, cool tone, and then rode off, followed by a single orderly, the usual numerical strength of his field staff.

A rebel prisoner states that Joe Johnston and Hardee were the other Generals with Polk. They were standing together when the first shell burst, and the first named Generals stepped aside under the shelter of some trees. Polk said he was not afraid of a yankee shell, and held his position. Scarcely had he spoke, when the second shell terminated his life. The prisoner giving these facts belonged to Bates' division, and was within fifty feet of Polk when he was killed, and saw the whole occurrence.

A WHITE HOUSE ANECDOTE.—Setchell, the comedian, says he was present at the White House the other day when the following was perpetrated: An old farmer from the West, who knew President Lincoln in days by-gone, called to pay his respects at the Presidential mansion. Slapping the Chief Magistrate upon the back he exclaimed, "Well, old hoss, how are you?" Old Abe, being thoroughly democratic in his ideas, and withal relishishing a joke, responded: "So I'm an old hoss, am I? What kind of a hoss, pray?" "Why, an old draft hoss, to be sure," was the rejoinder.—*Boston Conscript.*

SCOTCH SOUP.—A Richmond paper says: "A gentleman gave us for publication the following recipe for making wholesome soap. He obtained it from his landlord: Take three buckets of water, four onions, two long-legged collard leaves and a small beef bone, and put them in a large pot over the smoke.—when the pot boils, stir with a tallow candle, and add one pint of common salt that has been used for pickling pork."

A California paper relates the story of a woman, whose husband was killed, after she had been married four weeks; in three weeks more she married again—that husband lived two weeks; in two weeks after he died she married his brother, and six months after her last marriage she gave birth to a child by her first husband.

Not long since a widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between £50,000 and £60,000. He proposed soon after and was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventurer.

Davis Bend.

This is one of the most extraordinary bends of this wonderful Mississippi river, and has received its name from the fact of the settlement on the peninsula formed by the bend, of two members of the Davis family, known as "Jeff." and "Joe." This peninsula is some twelve miles in length, and at the point where it is attached to the main land of the State of Mississippi, it is so narrow that the enterprising planters have dug a canal across, not unlike the celebrated Butler canal of Vicksburg fame, although not near as long. This canal called the "cut off," and in high water the peninsula becomes in fact, an island. This tract of land is of great fertility, being entirely a deposit of the rich soil washed from the prairies of the great West. On this tract are some six plantations, of from 700 to 1,200 acres each. Two of the largest and best of these were owned by Jeff and Joe Davis, and are known as the "Jeff. and Joe places." The form of this peninsula is such that a few companies of soldiers with one or two stockades can keep out an army of rebels, and the inhabitants, although frequently surrounded by the hordes of of Southern murderers and thieves on the opposite banks of the river and canal, dwell in peace and comparative security. In fact, this site, from being the home of traitors and oppressors of the poor, has become a sort of earthly paradise for colored refugees. There they flock in large numbers, and like Lazarus of old, are permitted, as it were, to "repose in Abraham's bosom." The rich men of the "Southern Confedracy," now homeless wanderers, occasionally cry across for the Lazarus whom they have oppressed and despised, but he is not sent unto them, because there is a gulf fixed: so that they who would pass from hence, can not." On this freedman's paradise, parties for cultivating the soil are organized under superintendence of missionaries, each party cultivating from ten to one hundred acres, with fair prospect of realizing handsomely. These efforts are aided by the government; rations, teams, &c., being supplied and charged to each party to be deducted from the proceeds of their crops. Cotton is chiefly cultivated, and some very handsome "stands" appear.

The "Joe place" is nearest the landing. The fine brick house, however, is nearly demolished, but the cottage is a sort of law library and office, is still remaining uninjured. The negro quarter's also remain.

The "Jeff. place" is also a very fine plantation. The residence has not been injured except the door locks and one or two marble mantels broken up, apparently for trophies. The Jeff. furniture has been removed, but the rooms are still furnished with furniture brought here. The house is, in its ground plan, in the form of a cross—but one floor with laige rooms and ample verandas. The portico in front is supported with pillars, and these form the only ornamental features of the house, except such as were added for this occasion by the artistic touches of our Northern sisters. —*Vicksburg Herald.*

AN ANECDOTE.—A strong Copperhead in Connecticut was recently denouncing in immeasurable terms the United States Government and the war, when the company was joined by a neighbor a strong Union man, who after listening for some time interrupting him with the remark: "You came honestly by your principles; you are a tory naturally."

"What do you mean?" says the Copperhead.

"You know," says Union, "that during the war with Great Britain, the British entered the harbor and burned the town of New London."

"Well what of that?" says the Copperhead.

"Why a man piloted them in, and when his dirty work was done, he came home with his British gold, and his neighbors hearing of his presence, provided themselves with ropes and made him an evening call, when he made his escape by the back door, and fled to Bermuda Island, and there died."

"Well," says Copperhead, "what has all that to do with it?"

"Well," says Union, "that pilot was your grandfather."

The Copperhead subsided unanimously.

GEN. GRANT AS A STEVEDORE.—A Petersburg correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says a few days since Gen. Grant was walking around the docks at City Point, when he stopped to see some negroes roll a barrel of bacon on board of a boat. The negroes were unable to move it, when a crusty lieutenant, who stood near, dressed in his fine blue clothes, shouted, "You d—d niggers, push harder, or go get another man to help you." Without saying a word, Gen. Grant pulled up his sleeves and helped the negroes roll the barrel on the boat; then he drew his silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiping his hands, moved quickly away. You may imagine how the *Second* Lieutenant felt when he was told that the stevedore was no less than the Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies. The General was dressed in coarse homespun, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and one of the most unpretending looking personages one could imagine.

The founder of the Imperial Order of Odd Fellows, Mr. Joseph Shaw, died recently at Nottingham, England, at the age of 76.

FREEDOM'S JUBILEE.

Freedom's jubilee again
Calls for music's richest strain,
Hail her bright, auspicious reign,
Hail the jubilee!
Louder let the anthem swell,
And to list'ning seraphs tell,
That the land in which we dwell,
Ever will be free!

On the day Columbiaye broke
Stern oppression's galling yoke,
And, by one decisive stroke,
Made their children free!
'Twas the birth of freedom here,
'Tis a day to freedom dear,
Let us, then, each rolling year,
Keep the jubilee!

Long and bloody was the fray,
Ere Columbia gained the day,
Lowly many a hero lay,
Dying to be free!
But immortal Washington
Led Columbia's patrons on,
Till the glorious prize was won,
Peace and Liberty.

Aristocracy.

(From the Atchison Champion.)

In its original derivation, this word signifies the "government of the best." Subsequently it was applied to a political system in which the chief power of the State was exercised by a privileged class of lords and nobles, and finally, from the evil characteristics engendered by arbitrary authority, the term is employed to denote that vulgar and empty race of apes who arrogate to themselves a superiority to their fellows, from the fancied possession of certain qualities of mind, person or estate which the less fortunate are denied.

Thus we have an aristocracy of intellect, the noblest of all, whose ranks include the Singers and Painters, the Prophets and Historians, the Orators and Statesmen, the Artist and the Artisan, and the Captains and Admirals of the world. We have an aristocracy of birth, distinguished for hereditary vices, and by the visible deterioration of its members from their illustrious originals, resembling, in one particular, the humble but useful potato, from the fact that its best part is under ground. We have an aristocracy of wealth, whose scions endeavor by profuse and ostentatious display, to conceal the defects of nature and education, and command the admiration of the ignorant, or inspire the timid with awe, by a gaudy strut and pageantry whose ludicrous affectations deceive none but their foolish inventors. We have an aristocracy of beauty, of fashion, of muscle and religion, each based on the supposed excellence of its adherents in the peculiar class to which they are allied.

But it has been left for Atchison to develop a new and aggravated form of this social disorder, which no historian has depicted, no critic analyzed, no philosopher discussed, and no poet sung. It is "ARISTOCRACY PROPAGATED ON ENTRAILS!"

The abdomen and its functions have hitherto been socially ignored. Recognised by the anatomist and regulated by the physician, their existence has been politely conceded, rather than strenuously asserted by those who have aspired to be the leaders of their kind in letters, arts or arms. This great cavity has not generally been supposed to be the seat of the intellect, the source of wealth, or the hand-maid of personal comeliness. Falstaff was redundant, and Slender restricted, in this particular, but the great dramatist himself, ventures no more than a passing allusion to the excess or the deficiency.

It is appropriate in this age of innovations and reforms, that the viscera should at last, have their champion, and we may proudly claim for Atchison, the honor of establishing this new aristocracy. Hereafter none need despair of entering a privileged class and rising superior to the race of common men. To be a worthy member of this high order, the aspirant needs nothing but avoirdupois. He may be an habitual bankrupt and a refugee from outraged creditors. He may be a scrub by birth and a boor by education. He may be the butt of all who know him, for his silly conceit, his vapid boasting, his foolish pretensions, his ranting and roaring adulation of those who use him as a catspaw to pull their chestnuts from the fire. He may merit universal scorn for his professed hatred of honest labor, and his cautious scrutiny lest some vulgar mechanic or artisan intrude within the perfumed and silken sphere in which he dwells. He may be offensive in his manners, a noisy braggart, a sycophant, a toad-eating tuft hunter, with less brains than earwax, and less sense in his vacant skull than a gorilla has in the point of his elbow, but all these are nothing if only bowels do greatly abound.

Bully for bowels! Three cheers and a tiger for entrails! All hail to the abdominal aristocracy of Atchison!

A new kind of leather has been made in Connecticut from rattlesnake's skins sent from California, which have been tanned and are to be made into slippers. its color is Brown, and marked with black. Rubbed one way the leather is smooth as silk, but rubbed backwards is very rough, the scales turning up and appearing as though the leather had been nicked with a knife. It is very delicate, easily torn, and only valuable on account of its novelty.

It is said that a lady is best dressed when one cannot remember what she wore, and according to that interpretation Wafer thinks that Menken must be the best dressed woman that ever lived, for he cannot remember that she wore anything in particular.